

TALES OF

VOODOO

M. 47917

JULY
1974

75¢

GUT-RIPPING
SUPERNATURAL
SHOCKERS
Featuring:

THE DEVIL'S
VAMPIRE



WEIRD HORROR IN
**The THING
OUT THERE!**



KING KONG

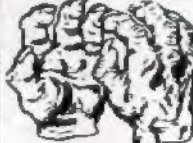


Item 639K.....King Kong.....\$1.00
Item 639B. Beast from 20,000 fathoms 1.00
ORDER BOTH for \$1.75 and save

RAQUEL WELCH PILLOW

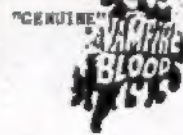


ONLY what man would enjoy spending a night with Raquel Welch? Well, we can't deliver her, but we can deliver that next best thing—a 12" x 24" inflatable pillow of Raquel made of rugged vinyl to serve as your headrest. Keep her for yourself or show her to your friends. Lives up to party when everyone sees and feels this great gag item.
RR15....\$1.98



WORLD'S UGLIEST HANDS

Slip these knobby "paws" on and watch your friends disappear. Ugh! They're awful! If you're got the courage, maybe you can have fun(?) with them.
Item No. 607...\$1.98



VAMPIRE B-L-O-O-D

You never know when a Vampire will strike! Be ready with this realistic-looking "Vampire blood" and watch the girls swoon. Non-toxic of course--absolutely safe. Comes in a tube.
Item No. 622.....50¢

HAND WRESTLING KIT



only \$7.98
ADJUSTABLE TENSIONERS
BUILD STRONG MUSCLES FAST
This Indian Hand Wrestling Kit builds strong arm and chest muscles in the privacy of your home. Eliminate bulky, expensive equipment—use it just a few minutes a day and anyone will build up his confidence as well as his muscles. Since no partner is needed, you can practice at any time. Develop both arms by simply turning the "Hand-Wrestler" around. Add additional tensioners as your muscles develop.
#EXR...\$7.98



ATOMIC SMOKE BOMB

Light one and watch the column of thick white smoke rise to the ceiling and expand into a dense cloud. Sensational surprising effect.
No. 871 20¢



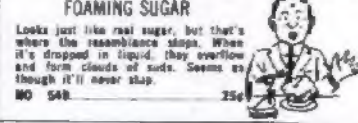
MAGIC CARDS

Deck is marked and striped. Can be read from the back but looks like ordinary deck. With instructions for 10 terrific tricks.
No. 783 \$1.98



MONEY CHANGER

Just like a professional money changer. Attaches to any bell. Holds pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters.
No. 70 \$1.25



FOAMING SUGAR

Looks just like real sugar, but that's where the resemblance stops. When it's dropped in liquid, they overflow and form clouds of suds. Seems as though it'll never stop.
NO. 548 25¢

HOT PEPPER GUM

Lots of FUN pepping out this Spicomatic Gum with Hot Pepper-Infused Registration pack. 5 sticks in each wrapped package to keep it fresh.
A121 25¢

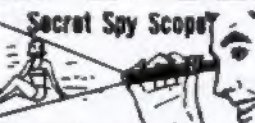
COMPLETE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR KIT



This professional type detective badge kit and case includes an extra heavy silvered nickel badge for use by private and special investigators PLUS authentic-type case and I.D. Card. Impress your friends with this official looking novelty. No. 860...\$2.75

MUSCLES OF STEEL

Results in just 30 days
Pocket gym slaps inches of muscle on your arms and torso. Gain the respect of your friends—the admiration of the girls. Keep fit and healthy. Fear no one! Made of heavy rubber.
No. 7001 only \$1.00



Secret Spy Scope

PEN SIZE—CLIPS ON YOUR POCKET. A POWER MAGNIFIER. Six power wide field magnifier is great for watching sporting events, nature study, gun watching and counter spying. Also contains a 30 power microscope. Not a toy but a real optical instrument.
No. F59 \$1.50

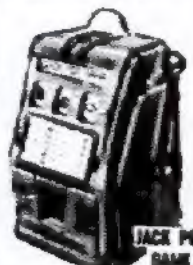


LEARN HYPNOTIC CONTROL

Develop your hidden hypnotic powers to control the minds and bodies of men and women. Learn to perform amazing feats and entertain at parties. Easily learned from the new book "25 Lessons in Hypnotism".
No. 7212 45¢

ONION GUM

Looks like real chewing gum but tastes like ONIONS! It's too funny! 5 slices to a pack.
No. 281 20¢



JACK POT GAME

Dime-operated one armed Bandit! Works like those in Las Vegas. Deposit dime, pull handle, and reels spin like the real thing. Dimes are removable. Should not be used for gambling.
No. 2082 \$1.98

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream.
No. 247 50¢

SEE BEHIND GLASSES

A specially treated pair of sunglasses with secret mirrors that enable you to see behind you without anyone knowing that you're watching.
No. 8863 75¢

SECRET BOOK SAFE



Looks like any book to camouflage your valuables. Securely locked with your own private combination. Tough under-structure is covered with simulated leather binding.
No. 700 \$1.68



SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.
No. 878 only 50¢



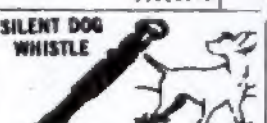
JOY BUZZER

Window novelty you wear like a ring. Four victim gets a "SHOCKING" hand shake. Absolutely harmless.
No. 238 Only 50¢

MONSTER GHOST \$1.00 ONLY



Obeys Your Commands! OVER 7 FEET TALL



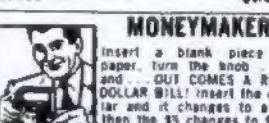
SILENT DOG WHISTLE

This whistle can't be heard by human ears, but Rover can hear it half a mile away. Your dog will understand that this whistle is for him alone. Be amazed how quickly he responds.
No. 701 \$1.00



WEREWOLF HORROR MASK

This rubber mask is so grotesque that it is sure to shake up the whole neighborhood. Be the "Werewolf" that prowls again!
No. 26W...\$1.98



MONEYMAKER

Insert a blank piece of paper, turn the knob and...OUT COMES A REAL DOLLAR BILL! Insert the dollar and it changes to a \$5 then the \$5 changes to \$10. \$1.98



FINGER CHOPPER

Chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Full instructions. \$1
No. 4222

Scare the daylight out of your "victim" as this terrifying life size ghost hovers and darts over him. Can be controlled up to 50 feet away so you can hide while watching your victim. Complete instructions included.
No. WT101.....\$1.00



Weighted Wristlets

"Power Packed" Arm Builders To Give you mighty striking power
"Power Packed" wristlets build the powerful arms you want without special equipment or exercises. Just wear these rugged lead weighted wristlets during your ordinary activities at work or play.
#900.....\$3.98 each



THROW YOUR VOICE

Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, everywhere. Fit in your mouth out of sight. Fool teacher, friends, family. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriquist".
No. 137 25¢



7 FEET TALL SKELETON

Full size skeleton 7 FEET TALL EYES GLOW IN THE DARK
This 7 foot tall "BONEY THE SKELETON" is scary enough at any time—but wait till you see him IN THE DARK in all his horrible, spine chilling grandeur, eyes glowing like fiery coals. If you like to haunt houses or frighten friends, this is for you! Or hang "Boney" in your room or to liven up a party.
No. F200 \$1.00

HONOR HOUSE PROD. CORP. DEPT 472GK28 35 WILBUR ST., LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days FREE TRIAL for full refund of purchase price.
We cannot accept orders totaling less than \$1.00

NAME & NUMBER OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

Please add 25¢ to total order for postage and handling.
TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED
For COD orders please send 50¢ good will deposit. Pay postman the balance on delivery plus COD and handling charges.
NAME _____ ZIP _____
ADDRESS _____
New York State residents add appropriate sales tax

TALES OF VOODOO

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CARL BURGOS, Editor

IRVING FASS, Art Director

EZRA JACKSON, Art Editor



ON AND ON STAGGERED THE FUGITIVE FROM A NOOSE - ON ACROSS THE BLEAK AND FORBIDDING MOOR WHERE DEATH LURKED IN EVERY STEP, AND TERROR LAY LIKE A DEMON BENEATH THE GREEN SCUM OF THE BOG PITS! FOR A CONVICTED MURDERER, EVEN THE MOOR HELD LESS HORROR THAN THE ROPE HE HAD SO NARROWLY ESCAPED, BUT AN HOUR BEFORE, AND HE MIGHT WELL HAVE ESCAPED, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR A CRAZED OLD WOMAN AND HER STRANGE AND REVOLTING PET, THE DEVIL CAT...

HORROR ON THE MOOR

AS NIGHT FALLS ON GRIM DARTMOOR PRISON...

THIS IS THE NIGHT THEY HANG DAN DEEVER, POOR SOUL!

LISTEN...THE MUST BE TESTING THE GALLOWES NOW! UGH/GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

ENGLISH JUSTICE IS SURE AND SWIFT...

COME ALONG NOW, YOU CHAPS! LET'S GET THIS JOB OF TESTING OVER WITH! HOW DOES THE ROPE STAND THE STRAIN?

OKAY, SIR! IT'LL BREAK DAN DEEVERS NECK RIGHT ENOUGH!



BUT EVEN THEN...

HA- THOUGHT
THEY WAS GOIN'
T' HANG DAN
DEEVER, DID
THEY? NICE OF
THAT GUARD TO
FORGET TO LOCK
THE 'DEATH
CELL DOOR!

I'M THE FIRST CHAP
TO ESCAPE FROM THE
DEATH HOUSE AT DART-
MOOR! GOR- I'D LIKE
TO SEE THEIR FACES
WHEN THEY FIND
I'M GONE!

THE THING NOW IS TO HEAD
FOR THE MOORS! MOST
PEOPLE WOULD BE AFRAID
TO TRY IT, BUT NOT OLD
DAN! I AIN'T AFRAID
OF NOTHING BUT
HANGING!

**AFTER AN HOUR ON THE
GLOOMY MOORS...**

HUH! A HOUSE
OUT HERE! IF I
LOOK AROUND,
MAYBE I CAN
STEAL SOME
GRUB!

ONLY AN OLD WOMAN
AND A CAT! WON'T BE
MUCH TROUBLE
WITH THEM!

ALL RIGHT, YOU OLD
WITCH, I'M TAKING CHARGE
HERE NOW! GIMME ALL THE
FOOD YOU GOT, AND ALL YOUR
MONEY! TRY TO HOLD OUT
AND I'LL WRING YOUR
SCRAWNY NECK!

YOU DON'T
FRIGHTEN
OLD BESS-
YOU
CONVICT!

YOU DON'T FRIGHTEN
LUCIFER, EITHER!
HEH HEH- HE'LL
CLAW YOUR
EYES OUT
IF YOU
HARM ME!

SPTT-T
GRR-R-R

GET HIM, LUCIFER! RAKE HIS
UGLY FACE TO SHREDS! LOOKS
LIKE A GALLOWS BIRD TO ME!

HISSS-SS

K-KEEP
THAT
DEVIL
AWAY!

YIIIIIEEEE
MY EYES! MY
FACE! THE BEAST
HAS CLAWS LIKE
STEEL HOOKS!
AHHHHHHHHH-
I'LL KILL YOU, YOU
MANGY BEAST!
OHHHHHHH!

IN A
FRENZY
OF PAIN THE
CONVICT SWINGS
THE CAT BY
THE TAIL...

SRTTT
HISS-SS

CLAW DAN DEEVER,
WILL YOU... THIS WILL
TEACH YOU!

AS THE CAT DIES, BESS LEAPS
FORWARD WITH A SCREAM
OF RAGE...

YOU MURDERED
HIM - MY ONLY
FRIEND IN THE
WORLD! I'LL KILL
YOU TOO, YOU
FIEND!

STAY AWAY,
OLD WOMAN!
I'M WARNING
YOU!

ARRRRRRR

ALL RIGHT, YOU DIRTY OLD WITCH,
I WARNED YOU! MY
FIST WILL SHOW
YOU WHO'S BOSS!

SHE'S DEAD! AND WHAT'S THAT-
HOUNDS? THEY'RE ON MY TRAIL!
I GOT TA GET OUTTA HERE!

SOON... THOSE HOUNDS-
STILL ON MY
TRAIL! BUT I CAN'T GO ANY
FASTER BECAUSE OF THE
BOGS! ONE WRONG STEP
AND I'M A GONER!

B-BLOODHOUNDS!
I NEVER THOUGHT OF
THAT! I GOT TO GET
BACK TO THE MOOR
AND SEE IF I CAN
LOSE THEM IN
THE BOGS!

WHOOOO
OOOO

WHOOOO
OOOO

GUESS I'LL HAVE
TO GO DEEPER INTO
THE BOGS AFTER ALL!
THEM BLOODHOUNDS
ARE GETTING TOO
CLOSE FOR
COMFORT!

NEIGHHH

SUDDENLY DEEVER HEARS A
SHRILL SCREAM OF TERROR
JUST AHEAD...

A MOOR PONY -
CAUGHT IN
THE BOGS!





UGH! WENT DOWN IN NO TIME! I GOTTA BE CAREFUL! EVEN THE ROPE IS BETTER THAN DEATH LIKE THAT!

YOU AIN'T REAL! YOU'RE A GHOST CAT!

GRRRRR
RRRRRR-



BUT...

THE GHOST CAT AGAIN! BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU THIS TIME!

ARRRRRRR

DEEVER HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HIM THAT CHILLS HIS NERVES! AS HE WHIRLS IN PANIC...

HUH! THAT CAT! BUT IT CAN'T BE- I KILLED IT BACK AT THE COTTAGE!

GROUGH-
SPUTTERR
SPITT-



MOMENTS LATER...

GUESS I WAS JUST SEEING THINGS! NO SIGN OF THE CAT NOW! MUST'VE BEEN MY NERVES!



HA HA - MAYBE MY BULLETS CAN EVEN TAKE CARE OF A GHOST! TAKE THAT, YOU DEVIL!

GONE AGAIN! AND THOSE SHOTS WILL TELL THE COPS WHERE I AM! I REALLY GOT TO RUN FOR IT! NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THE BOGS!

I GOT TO THINK THIS OUT! ALL MY BULLETS GONE, WASTED ON THAT FIENDISH CAT! BUT THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT-THERE'S JUST GOTTA BE! I DON'T WANT TO HANG!

WHILE NOT FAR BEHIND...

WE'LL HAVE HIM BEFORE LONG! THOSE SHOTS WILL GUIDE US TO HIM!

HE'S HEADING INTO THE BOGS AFTER ALL!

THOSE BOGS ARE MURDER TOO! IF DAN AIN'T CAREFUL, HE'LL SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF STRETCHING HIS ROTTEN NECK!

HOPE NOT! I WANT TO SEE HIM HANG FOR KILLING OL' BESS, POOR OL' SOUL!

THOSE DOGS ARE GETTING CLOSER ALL THE TIME! FORCING ME FARTHER INTO THE BOGS! BUT THEY WON'T GET ME! OTHER MEN HAVE GONE THROUGH THESE BOGS AND SO CAN I!

BUT... HUH! A BIG STRETCH OF QUICKSAND- AND BOG HOLES ON BOTH SIDES! NO WAY AROUND! WHAT C-CAN I DO NOW?





I CAN'T JUST STAND
HERE! THOSE CURSED
HOUNDS WILL BE SNAP-
PING AT MY HEELS
ANY MINUTE!

NOTHING TO DO,
BUT - JUMP!

AHWOO-OOOOO

WHOO-OOOO

J-JUST MADE
IT! I CAN PULL
MYSELF OUT
OF THE SAND-
B-BUT THOSE
DOGS NEVER
GIVE UP!
THEY'RE RIGHT
BEHIND ME!

YAAAAAAA-
THE CAT AGAIN!
HAUNTING ME!

GRRRRR

BY NOW THE PANTING CON-
WICT IS IN A FRENZY OF FEAR!
AND THEN HE SCREAMS IN
TERROR...

I'LL GET YOU THIS TIME, SEE IF I DON'T!
I'LL WRING YOUR MANGY NECK TILL
THERE AIN'T A GROWL LEFT IN YOU!
YOU WON'T EVER BOTHER DAN
DEEVER AGAIN!

H-HUH / OH, NO!
N- NOT THE BOG!
I- I'M STUCK!
HELP!

HELP! QUICK,
GUARDS! OVER
HERE IN THE BOG!
HURRY, PLEASE / DON'T
LET ME DIE LIKE
THIS! PLEASE---

IT'S DAN RIGHT
ENOUGH! LOOKS LIKE
THERE WON'T BE ANY
HANGING TONIGHT! UGH!
WHAT A DEATH!

FUNNY, THOUGH,
THE PATH IS PLAIN
ENOUGH HERE!
WONDER HOW
HE GOT
OFF OF
IT?

HELP!

YEEEEEE

THIS IS A CRAZY STORY! OR MAYBE NOT SO CRAZY AFTER ALL, MAYBE IT'S JUST GHOUL-ISH AND HORRIBLE AND SICKENING! BUT ONE THING I'LL SWEAR TO- IT IS TRUE! I KNOW BECAUSE IT HAPPENED TO ME! TO ME AND LIZA, THE GIRL I'M GOING TO MARRY! A SWEET KID, LIZA, AND AS PRETTY AS THEY COME! AND THE LAST PERSON IN THE WORLD YOU WOULD EXPECT TO TURN INTO A VAMPIRE! YES- I SAID VAMPIRE! A BLOOD-SUCKING FIEND OUT OF HADES, HE WAS, BUT HE DIDN'T JUST WANT HER BLOOD! HE WANTED HER SOUL, TOO! IT ALL STARTED ONE NIGHT...

THE DEVIL'S VAMPIRE



I WAS SITTING IN THE LOBBY OF THE REX ARMS! LIZA WAS UPSTAIRS TRYING TO TELL AN OLD FLAME THAT SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH ME! JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS...

SHE TOLD ME ABOUT IT LATER! I GUESS IT WAS PRETTY BAD...

I WONDER HOW SHE'S DOING?

PLEASE, GREG, TRY TO UNDER-
STAND! I COULDN'T
HELP FALLING IN
LOVE WITH JACK
BURCH! IT JUST
HAPPENED!

BAH! ALL I KNOW IS
THAT YOU ARE LEAV-
ING ME FOR THIS -
THIS PENNILESS
AMERICAN! I WILL
NOT STAND FOR IT!
I WILL DO SOMETHING
DESPERATE!



I WAS BEGINNING TO GET WORRIED WHEN I SAW LIZA COME OUT OF THE ELEVATOR.

GEE KID, I WAS ABOUT TO COME UP THERE... HEY, YOU'RE CRYING! IF THAT BIG SLOB...

N-NO DARLING! IT'S JUST THAT-- OH, IT WAS HORRIBLE!

HE THREATENED TO KILL HIMSELF, JACK! I REALLY THINK HE MEANT IT, TOO! I'M SCARED! GREG IS FUNNY ANYWAY, YOU KNOW! HE'S A BULGARIAN BY BIRTH... SOME OF THE CRAZY THINGS HE TALKS ABOUT...

FORGET IT, BABY! HE'S JUST TALKING!

I HEARD IT THEN, LIKE A BOMB WHINING DOWN...

THESE CHARACTERS WHO TALK ABOUT KILLING THEMSELVES NEVER DO!

YOU DON'T KNOW GREG THE WAY I DO! I CAN'T HELP BUT WORRY!

BABY, HERE! OUT OF THE WAY AND DON'T LOOK!

THERE WAS A SOUND LIKE A TOO RIPE PUMPKIN STRIKING CONCRETE! LIZA SHUDDERED!

C'MON, BABY! I'M GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE!

GAD, WHAT A MESS! SOMEBODY CALL THE COPS!

THERE WAS NO POINT IN HANGING AROUND! I HALF CARRIED LIZA THROUGH THE CROWD THAT GATHERED LIKE A FLOCK OF VULTURES...

POOR MAN, WHY DID HE DO IT?

NOTHING WE CAN DO HERE, LIZA! WE'LL STAY OUT OF IT IF WE CAN! IF NOT WE'LL CONTACT THE POLICE LATER!

NO PARKING



THE POLICE INVESTIGATION WAS MERE ROUTINE... BUT A WEEK LATER THE REAL TROUBLE STARTED! LIZA GOT SICK...

THERE IS NO IMPROVEMENT, MR BURCH/SHE IS WORSE! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE IN PRIVATE!

SOUNDS BAD, DR. BORIN!

DR BORIN WAS A FUNNY LITTLE GUY, A REFUGEE FROM EASTERN EUROPE... BUT WHAT HE TOLD ME WASN'T FUNNY...

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE KID, DOC?

I--I CAN'T BE SURE, BUT I THINK IT IS SATAN'S DISEASE!

DO NOT THINK THAT I AM MAD, BUT I COME FROM THE SAME PART OF THE WORLD THAT GREG DID! AND IT IS GREG, THE DEAD MAN, THAT I THINK IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GIRL'S ILLNESS! IN SHORT, SIR SATAN'S DISEASE IS A FORM OF VAMPIRISM!

I THOUGHT HE WAS NUTS! BUT LIZA WASN'T GETTING ANY BETTER, SO I WENT ALONG WITH HIM! AND I COULD ALWAYS GET ANOTHER DOCTOR...

I CAN'T EXPLAIN FULLY! I MUST GET SOME THINGS TO FIGHT THIS FIEND, SO MEET ME BACK HERE IN AN HOUR!

OKAY, DOC, IN AN HOUR! BUT VAMPIRES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY...

BUT I NEVER MET THE LITTLE DOCTOR AGAIN! WHEN I GOT BACK I SAW A CROWD STANDING ABOUT SOMETHING IN THE STREET!

LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ACCIDENT! COPS AND EVERY-THING!

THAT DRIVER SHOULD BE LYNCHED!

IF THEY CATCH HIM!

A HIT AND RUN DRIVER HAD KILLED HIM! WHAT A BAD BREAK! BUT I STILL HAD LIZA TO WORRY ABOUT...

I SAW THE PARCEL IN THE GUTTER THEN! NOBODY WAS PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO ME, SO...

ANYONE SEE THE CAR? CAN YOU GIVE A DESCRIPTION OF IT?

NOT ME!

MUST BE THE STUFF... MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT IT IS!



LIZA WAS STILL ASLEEP! I TOOK THE PARCEL INTO ANOTHER ROOM! I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE DOC'S VAMPIRE STORY, BUT WHAT COULD I LOSE...

POOR KID!
LOOKS SO
PALE!

IT WAS QUITE A COLLECTION! A BOOK, A BOTTLE, AND A SILVER MEDAL ON A CHAIN! BUT WHEN I STARTED TO READ THE BOOK I FELT COLD FINGERS ON MY SPINE! THE LITTLE DOCTOR HADN'T BEEN KIDDING... HE SEEMED TO THINK THAT GREG HAD BECOME A VAMPIRE.

GOOD GRIEF! THIS SAYS THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF VAMPIRES! HE'S MARKED A PASSAGE HERE!

I WENT INTO LIZA'S ROOM AND KEPT READING...

GREG MIGHT COME BACK AS AN ANIMATED CORPSE, BUT WHEN HE DOES COME HE'LL TRY TO TAKE HER INTO DEATH WITH HIM!
HMM-- SURE SOUNDS FANTASTIC!

I HEARD LIZA SCREAM...

EEEEEE!
N-NO. OH, PLEASE!
STAY AWAY, DON'T TOUCH ME!
AAAAHHHHH!

LIZA!
WHAT IS IT?

AND THEN I SAW IT! A HORRIBLE WRITHING FORM THAT ROLLED THROUGH THE WINDOW LIKE EVIL SMOKE! GREG HAD COME BACK FOR LIZA...

THE THING DRIFTED SLOWLY TOWARD THE BED, IGNORING ME...

GREG! IT IS HIM! HE WANTS LIZA!

EITHER IT DOESN'T SEE ME, OR IT DOESN'T CARE!

NO, GREG, GO AWAY! D-DON'T TOUCH ME...

OHKHHH!

EEEE-
EEEE
NO!

SUDDENLY, HORRIBLY, LIZA STOPPED SCREAMING! SHE SMILED AND EXTENDED HER ARMS TO THE VAMPIRE! SHE WAS IN HIS POWER...

ALL RIGHT, GREG! I UNDERSTAND NOW! I'LL GO WITH YOU!

I WAS SWEATING COLD AND THINKING FAST! I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO...

THE BOOK SAYS THEY LIKE BLOOD, EVEN THIS KIND OF VAMPIRE! OKAY, HERE'S BLOOD!

PUT THE BLOOD IN THE BOTTLE, THE BOOK SAYS! I JUST HOPE IT'S HUNGRY-- REAL HUNGRY!



IF I SAID I WASN'T SCARED, I'D BE A LIAR! BUT I STEPPED CLOSE TO THE VAMPIRE, HOLDING OUT THE BOTTLE AND THE SILVER MEDALLION...

GREG HAD SMELLED THE BLOOD! HE CAME SLAVERING TOWARD ME! THERE WAS THE ODOR OF DEATH IN THE ROOM...

OKAY, YOU FOULNESS, HERE'S BLOOD FOR YOU! SO, YOU NOTICE ME NOW!

GREG, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?

H-HOPE I CAN KEEP MY NERVE! I'VE GOT TO... FOR LIZA'S SAKE!



AT THE LAST MOMENT THE MEDALLION, SLIPPERY WITH BLOOD, FELL FROM MY SHAKING HAND...

I FOUND THE MEDALLION AND PUSHED IT INTO HIS CORPSE FACE! HE LET OUT A ROAR AND CRINGED AWAY! IT WAS THE FIRST SOUND HE'D MADE...

NOW IT'S--GULP-- AFTER ME! GOT TO FIND THAT MEDALLION, BLAST IT! HE'LL HAVE ME IN A SECOND!

OWRRRR!

GET AWAY FROM ME, FIEND!



I HAD HIM CORNERED! KEPT HIM MOVING TOWARD THE BLOOD BOTTLE! I WANTED HIM TO GET THE SCENT OF BLOOD AGAIN...

WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU HUNGRY?



HE WAS HUNGRY! HE COULDN'T RESIST THE SMELL OF THE BLOOD IN THE BOTTLE! I WATCHED FASCINATED, AS THE VAMPIRE BEGAN TO DRIFT INTO THE BOTTLE...

GO ON! GET IN THERE WET YOUR CHOPS ON SOME OF MY NICE BLOOD!



WHEN HE WAS IN THE BOTTLE I SHOVED IN THE CORK AND MADE A PASS OVER IT WITH THE MEDALLION! IF THE BOOK WAS RIGHT, I HAD HIM...

HE WAS ENJOYING HIS FEAST OF BLOOD, AND I DIDN'T BEGRUDGE IT TO HIM! LIZA WAS SAFE FROM HIM NOW FOREVER, I HOPED...

LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THAT, GREG!

YES, BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU?



I GOT ANOTHER DOCTOR IN TO SEE LIZA, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE ROSES WERE BACK IN HER CHEEKS...

NOTHING SERIOUS, HE SAID! BUT THEN HE DIDN'T KNOW EITHER! BUT I HAD A PROBLEM...

I FEEL SO MARVELOUS, DOCTOR, BUT WHAT WAS WRONG WITH ME?

NOTHING SERIOUS, MY DEAR!

SHE DOESN'T KNOW! SHE NEVER WILL KNOW IF I CAN HELP IT!



HOW TO GET RID OF THE BOTTLE? I COULDN'T RISK GREG GETTING OUT, OR WISH IT ON ANYBODY ELSE, SO I'VE STILL GOT IT--- ANY TAKERS??

THE END 17

THE THING OUT THERE!

PERHAPS YOU MAY HAVE READ THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF THE LARGE METEORIC FLASHES SEEN IN THE SKY NEAR SEATTLE! IF YOU DID, YOU WILL RECALL THE SPECULATION ABOUT THEIR ORIGIN...AND THE DECISION THAT THEY WERE GIANT METEORS...BUT, THERE IS MORE TO THE STORY THAN THAT...IF THE TRUTH WERE KNOWN, THE WORLD MIGHT'VE BEEN PLUNGED INTO A CHAOS OF FEAR. I WILL TRY TO RELATE MY PART IN THAT FANTASTIC SERIES OF EVENTS...



ELUNTLEY GROVES AND I WERE STATIONED AT AN ATOMIC BOMB PROJECT, AND WERE TAKING AN OFF DUTY RIDE WHEN IT HAPPENED...

LOOK! THAT'S A METEOR AND IT'S LANDING RIGHT NEAR US!

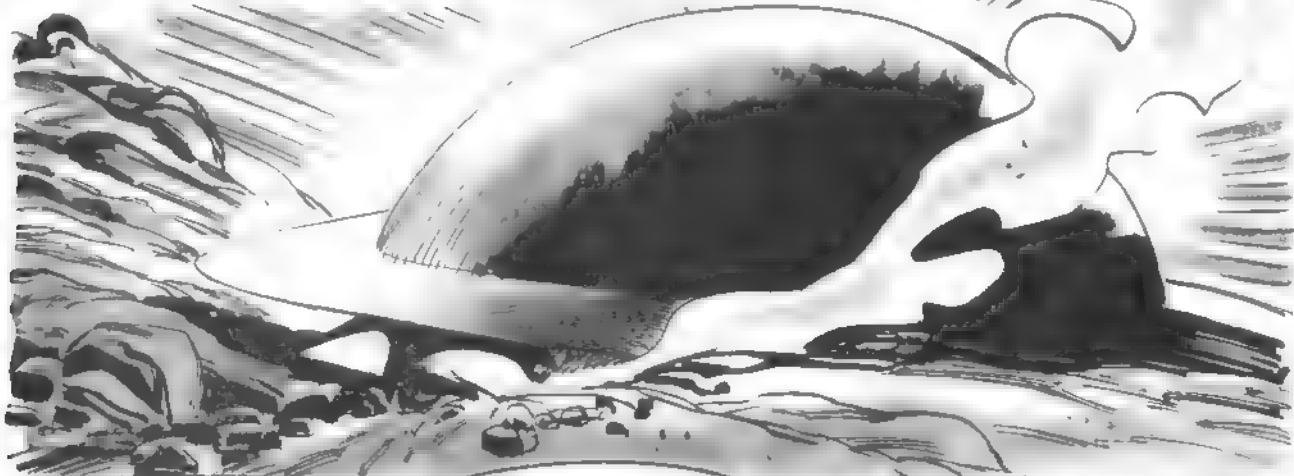
HOW ABOUT RIDING OVER THAT WAY
AND SEEING IF WE CAN SPOT ANYTHING?

WHEN WE REACHED
THE SPOT WE WERE
IN FOR A SURPRISE...

GOOD
DEAL,
PETE!
I'M
ALL
FOR
IT!

THAT'S THE
STRANGEST
LOOKING METEOR
I EVER SAW!

LET'S GET
A CLOSE
LOOK!



IT... IT'S SO SMOOTH!
THIS THING IS MAN-
MADE, PETE!

LOOK AT THAT... A DOOR!
THIS IS A VEHICLE OF
SOME KIND

IF THERE WAS A PILOT IN
THIS GADGET, HE CERTAINLY
DIDN'T STICK AROUND AFTER
IT LANDED!

IT COULD
BE RUN BY
REMOTE
CONTROL,
YOU KNOW!

IT MUST BE, BUT
WHERE COULD IT
HAVE COME
FROM?

WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR? LET'S
GO INSIDE AND
LOOK AROUND!

I HURRIED TOWARDS THE INSTRUMENT PANEL, ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT IT, AND WE WERE BOTH QUITE A DISTANCE FROM THE DOOR, WHEN...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE, HUNT?

THE DOOR, PETE! IT'S CLOSING!

TOO LATE! WE CAN'T STOP IT!

WE... WE'RE TRAPPED, PETE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

WE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG! AS SOON AS THE DOOR WAS CLOSED, SECTIONS OF THE HULL BECAME TRANSPARENT! THEN TO OUR HORROR...

WE... WE'RE GOING UP!

SIT TIGHT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!

AND THEN CAME THE TERRIBLE REALIZATION...

THE SPEED WITH WHICH WE ROSE WAS FANTASTIC... UTTERLY BEYOND OUR EXPERIENCE! WE BEGAN TO SPECULATE WHERE ON EARTH WE'D LAND...

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS, PETE? EVERY MINUTE WE'RE GOING ANOTHER THOUSAND MILES AWAY FROM EARTH!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LAND ON EARTH... WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT OUT INTO SPACE!

GET AHOOLD OF YOURSELF, IF WE HIT THAT ASTEROID AHEAD, WE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE PROBLEMS TO THINK ABOUT!

OUR INCREDIBLE SPEED BROUGHT US CLOSER TO THE TREMENDOUS ROCK OUT IN SPACE...

THEN ONE MORE UNBELIEVABLE TOUCH WAS ADDED TO OUR ADVENTURE...

WH--WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T WE CRASH?

DON'T YOU SEE? WE'RE GOING RIGHT INTO IT!

THE SPHERE SLID SAFELY INTO THE OPENED PORT OF THE ASTEROID, AND CAME TO AN EASY STOP...

I-I GUESS WE'VE REACHED THE END OF OUR TRIP!

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT! THE DOOR'S OPENING AGAIN!

WE'RE GOING TO HIT! WE'LL BE SMASHED TO PIECES!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK AT THIS PLACE... AND THOSE ---THOSE THINGS!

IT ISN'T AN ASTEROID AT ALL... IT'S A SHIP... A SPACE SHIP!

THE STRANGE METALLIC BEINGS STEPPED FORWARD AND GRASPED OUR ARMS...

HEY! LET GO OF ME!

TAKE IT EASY, HUNT! I DON'T THINK THEY MEAN ANY HARM! THEY WANT US TO GO WITH THEM!

AN UNEXPECTED VOICE STARTLED US, BUT NOT AS MUCH AS THE CREATURE SPEAKING...

I AM FROM THE PLANET XYRON, IN A GALAXY MANY LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

IT IS MY MISSION AS A SPACE EXPLORER TO FIND NEW LANDS TO CONQUER! THE SPHERE IN WHICH YOU ARRIVED WAS SENT TO YOUR EARTH TO COLLECT SPECIMENS!

BUT HOW... HOW DO YOU SPEAK OUR LANGUAGE?

EXACTLY! BUT UNFORTUNATELY MY RADIO WAVES DO NOT REACH FAR ENOUGH, AND I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO NOTIFY XYRON UNTIL I START MY RETURN JOURNEY!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO IT!

I AM NOT SPEAKING! YOU ARE RECEIVING MY THOUGHT WAVES, AND THOUGHT SURMOUNTS ANY LANGUAGE BARRIERS!

ARE YOU PLANNING TO INVADE EARTH?

YOU SEE... YOU CANNOT HARM ME!... OR STOP ME! THOSE METAL BEINGS, THE ENTIRE CREW OF MY SPACE SHIP-ARE CONTROLLED BY MY THOUGHT WAVES. YOUR SITUATION IS HOPELESS!

I'M GOING TO... OHH-MY ARM!

COME... WATCH WHILE I SEND THE SPHERE BACK TO YOUR EARTH FOR MORE SPECIMENS!

WE MIGHT AS WELL!

LOOK OUT, HUNT, THAT METAL MAN!

I DON'T GET IT, PETE,
YOU SEEM TO HAVE LOST
ALL YOUR GUMPTION!

DON'T BE A FOOL! I THINK
I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO
FIGHT THAT OVERGROWN OWL!
THOSE BIG EYES OF HIS MUST
BE VERY SENSITIVE
TO LIGHT!

I KNEW MY
ACTIONS HAD TO BE
TIMED EXACTLY IF WE WERE
GOING TO ESCAPE! IT REQUIRED
WAITING UNTIL THE ALIEN BEING HAD
STARTED THE MECHANISM THAT WOULD
SEND THE SPHERE BACK TO EARTH!
AND AT LAST...

HOW ARE YOU
GOING TO
DO IT?

I STILL HAVE MY
FLASHLIGHT WITH ME!
BE READY TO JUMP
FOR THE DOOR
OF THE SPHERE!

THERE! IN A MOMENT
IT WILL BE SPEEDING
BACK TO YOUR
WORLD!

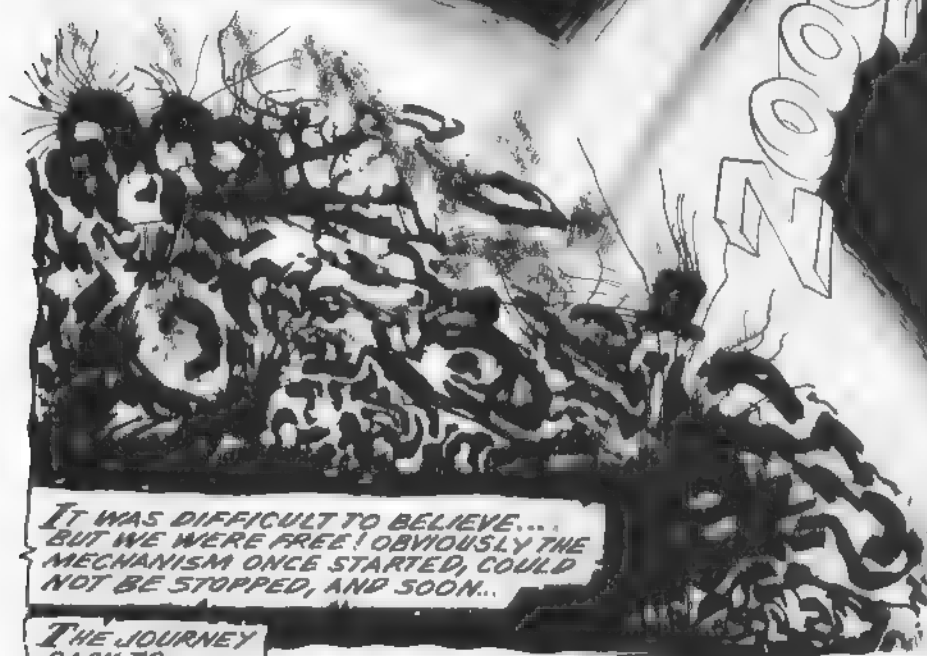
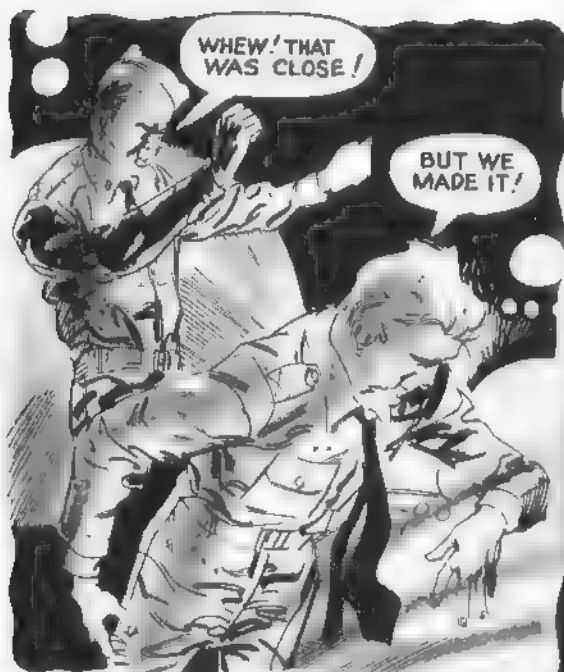
THAT'S ALL
I WANT
TO KNOW!

AS I PRAYED WOULD HAPPEN, THE OWL-LIKE
CREATURE LOST CONTROL OF HIS ROBOTS IN
HIS AGONY...

I SENT A
STREAM OF
LIGHT BEAMING
INTO THE EYES
OF OUR CAPTOR...

QUICK!
INTO THE
SPHERE!

MY EYES!
THE PAIN...
THE PAIN...



IT WAS DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE... BUT WE WERE FREE! OBVIOUSLY THE MECHANISM ONCE STARTED, COULD NOT BE STOPPED, AND SOON...

THE JOURNEY BACK TO EARTH WAS BREATHTAKING, WATCHING AS THE GREEN GLOBE GREW LARGER AND LARGER... AND THEN WE SETTLED DOWN FOR A SMOOTH LANDING...



WE RUSHED BACK TO THE PROJECT AND TO THE OFFICE OF COLONEL SIMPSON, OUR COMMANDING OFFICER...

AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, COLONEL, JUST AS IT HAPPENED!

I NEVER HEARD SUCH NONSENSE! SPACE SHIPS, OWL-MEN, METAL-MEN!

YOU TWO MUST HAVE HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK!

BUT, SIR, YOU DO SAY THE METEORIC FLASHES WERE SEEN IN THE SKY? CAN'T YOU AT LEAST COME WITH US AND SEE THE SPHERE?

WELL... ALL RIGHT... BUT IT HAD BETTER BE THERE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I'LL BE A. YOU WERE RIGHT! THEN THE REST OF YOUR STORY MUST BE TRUE!

RIGHT, SIR! NOW WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE SPACE-SHIP BEFORE IT GETS WITHIN RADIO RANGE OF ITS MOTHER PLANET!

FRANTIC MESSAGES WERE SENT TO SCIENTISTS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS... TRYING TO FIND THE SOLUTION TO THE THREAT FACING THE WORLD...

HUNT AND I WERE CALLED IN... ASKED FOR MORE DETAILS... AND I SUGGESTED A POSSIBLE METHOD FOR DESTROYING THE MENACE...

THE SPHERE WILL RETURN TO THE SPACE-SHIP EVENTUALLY! IF WE WERE TO LOAD AN ATOMIC BOMB INTO THE SPHERE...

THEN THE SHIP WILL DESTROY ITSELF! WONDERFUL! THAT'S JUST THE THING!

AND...

IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICKLY THINGS CAN BE DONE WHEN THERE'S AN EMERGENCY! A CRANE WAS SET UP BESIDE THE SPHERE AND A BOMB WAS LOADED THROUGH THE OPEN PORT...

TOO BAD THEY COULDN'T JUST LOAD IT WITHOUT THE CRANE!

THAT WOULD BE FATAL, SIR! AS SOON AS ANYONE STEPPED INSIDE, THE DOOR WOULD CLOSE, AS IT DID FOR US!

THEN IT WAS DONE.

THERE GOES THE DOOR! SHE'S CLOSING!

IT WORKED!

THEN

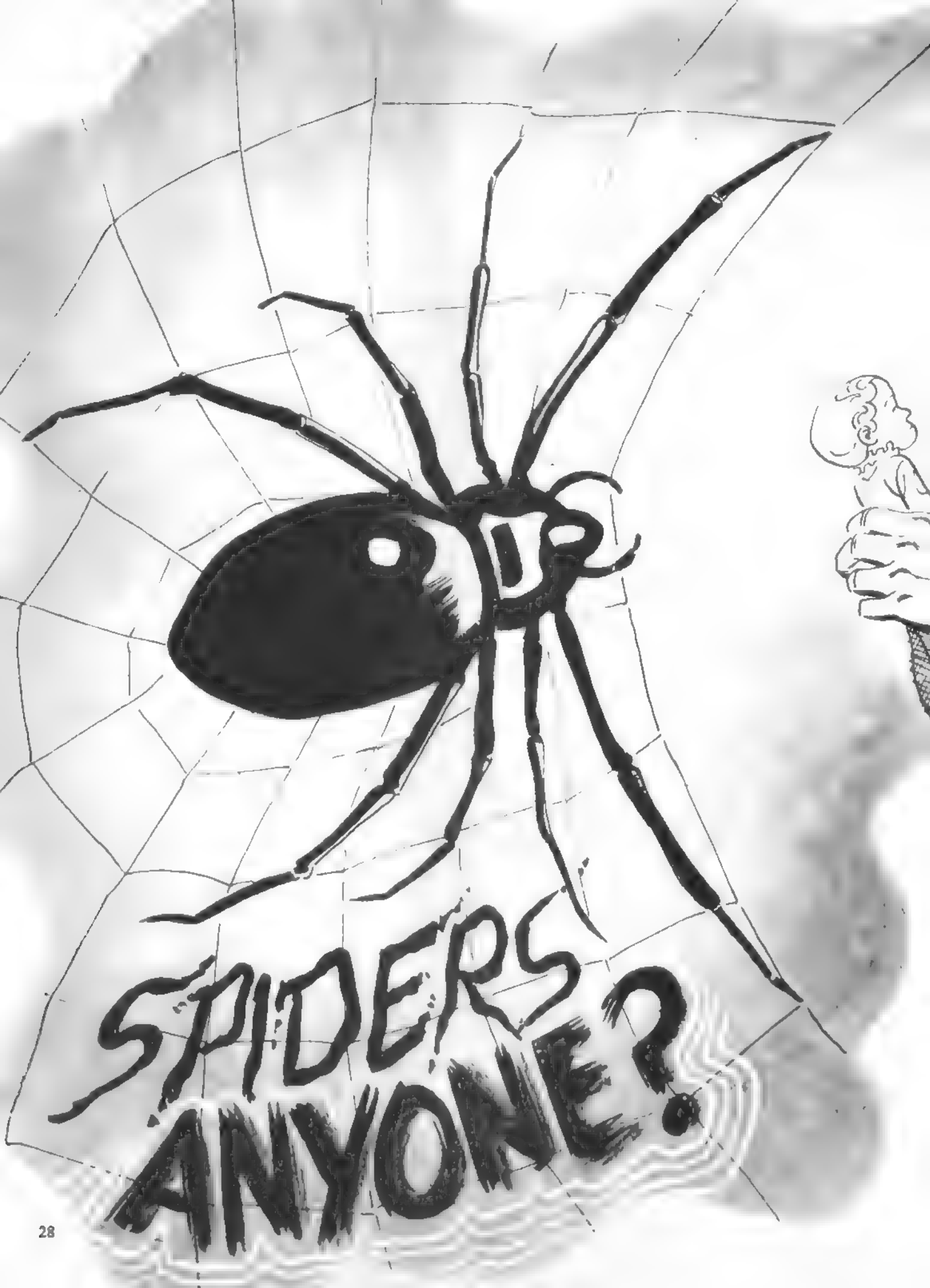
THE NEXT MINUTES WERE ANXIOUS ONES. WAITING FOR A SIGN OF THE SUCCESS OF OUR PLAN...

THAT TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION WAS THE SIGNAL THAT THE DANGER TO THE WORLD WAS OVER... A DANGER THAT THE WORLD WOULD NEVER KNOW HAD EXISTED...

WORD OF THIS MUST NEVER GET TO THE NEWSPAPERS! YOU CAN IMAGINE THE PANIC THAT MIGHT FOLLOW!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! WE'LL NEVER MENTION IT!





**SPIDERS
ANYONE?**



THE CIRCUMSTANCES under which the letter arrived were very peculiar. Peculiar indeed. For one thing it arrived at an hour when postal deliveries are somewhat out of order. It was exactly 1:13 A.M. when the thin missile fell through the slot in my front door. To add to my confoundment, there was no postmark and no stamp. Although the paper was fresh and crisp, as if the letter had just been written and hand-carried from no farther away than next door, it gave me a feeling that it had come a very long way, indeed. Perhaps it was the unusual quality of the paper that gave me that impression: very thin, very tough, a velvety feel to the touch. These qualities not usually found in papers produced by American manufacturers.

The letter arrived exactly one hour after I had returned home from a party with some friends of mine. Now, most people would normally set about going directly to bed, having arrived home so late. But I had been unusually exhilarated by the affair and I wanted to reflect a while on the experience before retiring. At least, that is what I told myself in a manner of rationalization . . .

Back in our last years in college the friendship of the five of us had become quite cemented despite our individual idiosyncrasies, and on graduation day we mutually formed a solemn pact that each year we would if we could meet once again for old time's sake. We called ourselves the Spider-Stein Club, since we were each interested in that fascinating

branch of the bug-world called spiders, and also because we all liked beer well enough to buy it by the stein.

For several years we kept remarkably well to our pact, when Twisdale, who was something of an oddity even among the likes of us, took leave. Old Twiz, as we used to laughingly refer to him (both behind his back and to his face), had gotten a job with a research outfit, and had been sent to Africa to study -- of all things -- spiders. How we used to envy him!

Soon after arriving home from the celebration, I began to feel strange. Or perhaps I had begun to feel that way earlier and only noticed it when I got home. It would be hard to describe just how I felt; it was all over me, but concentrated in my



head. I began to suspect I was under some malign influence. Or perhaps my planets were in a state of disorder, which is a way of saying the same thing. Perhaps it was the beer taking its toll.

At 1:00 A.M., I decided that I ought to go to bed, but when I tried to get out of the chair, I seemed to be stuck fast! My heart pounded so that I could hear and feel the pounding pulse in my ears. Had my legs somehow become paralyzed? My body simply refused to obey my commands.

"Now, wait a minute," I said

to myself half-aloud, "this can't be right."

Yet the harder I tried to make my body move, the more obstinate it seemed to become. If such a thing is possible, I broke out into a hot sweat and a cold sweat at the same time. I thought at once that I had better call a doctor, but I found to my great dismay that I could not even hold the telephone receiver in my hand. And the dial wouldn't turn!

AT PRECISELY 1:13 A.M., as I was held prisoner in my own chair, I was looking at the front door and trying to think

of a solution to my difficulties. I don't know why I happened to look at the door at that precise moment, but there was a white envelope lying on the floor just beneath the letter slot. How it got there I couldn't say, for I had heard no one on the front porch, and I had not heard the letter slot close, which would be the case if someone had brought me a letter.

I wondered if my paralyzed legs would get me out of the chair far enough to get the letter. Indeed I was quite surprised when, at the mere thought of getting the letter, I bounded out of the chair almost as if I had been pushed.

The only writing on the envelope was my name, in a very thin, almost spider-webby style of writing. My fingers trembled as I turned it over to the other side. It was sealed in red wax in the form of a small hourglass. Immediately I thought of Twisdale, remembering that his specialty among spiders was the poisonous black widow — and, of course, as we all know, the Black Widow has an hourglass on its underside.

Sure enough, the letter was from Twisdale. The handwriting of the letter was easily recognizable as his, despite its unusual thinness. I thought that Twisdale must have been quite elated when he finally found a pen that would write in such a spidery style.

There was also something in the envelope that looked like a newspaper clipping, but it was entirely meaningless to me, it being written in Swahili, or some other native dialect. But in looking at it, I felt a subconscious warning that there was hidden among those strange characters and words a message of vital importance for me.

As I gazed at the print, I noticed something very strange and remarkable happening. It was as if I had suddenly become clairvoyant, as one would say. My mind seemed to transcend time and space limitations and soar through the whole realm of reality, seeing all, potentially. The scene that eventually came to mind seemed to come to me across a space of thousands and thousands of years, and I saw a place in a jungle where there were a few naked natives gathered about a witch-doctor. The witch-doctor was yelling his head off and

he had some bundles of sticks that he threw on the ground, screaming, "Juju, juju!" or whatever is the African equivalent for that.

Odd that I should have felt such a jolt — sitting in my own living room chair — as if I had been thrown to the ground myself. I tried to see more, but the vision faded, and I found that the news clipping had fallen to the floor. Then my heart skipped a beat. Was that tomorrow's date I had seen on it? My world had indeed become a strange place.

I turned my attention to Twisdale's letter.

"I must get this done quickly," it read, "for time is short. Recall the last time we met — at the annual Spider Stein celebration, when I announced my good fortune at finding a job?" (Five years before).

That was exactly a year after we graduated, and the only one I ever attended. But what I want to talk about is something that happened even before we thought of having a club — back in college in the last year, or at least during the summer before the last year started. I made the acquaintance of the lovely Esmerelda. She was one of the loveliest ladies I had ever met. As it happened, 'Relda' (short for the other name) had just eaten her husband, and was out looking for new conquests to make. She was out to conquer new fields, and I came along.

"RELDA WAS VERY curious about the world. She wanted to know everything, and she was continually inquiring and investigating. Fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, it was on one of her investigations that Relda was led into my trap. Hence, we made each other's acquaintance, and regarded each other suspiciously from a distance. But this suspicion eventually grew into a mutual respect and friendship that was very beautiful — while it lasted. And Relda soon entered into my experiments with a verve and enthusiasm that is found rarely, even among humans.

"Now here is something else you didn't know. Shortly after we started our Freshman year in college, I began to dabble in voodoo, and things of that kind. Once in a while, however, I



suspected that you suspected me. I say 'dabble' because I was by no means an expert — a witch-doctor — which title I have recently had the honor to acquire. In my beginning days, successes were few and far between; things often went haywire, and caused me no end of worry — and sometimes amusement. But they say that practice makes perfect. So I practiced.

"Perhaps the most important thing in this business is the doll. Many say that the doll has to be made of wax, but that isn't true at all. You remember when

you fell down the stairs in the dormitory and broke your arm? Well, at that very instant, I was in my experiment space, and I had made a doll of you out of nothing but sticks. But something went wrong. Please believe me, my dear friend, I had no intention of doing you any harm, and it was purely by accident that I did. I broke the right arm of the doll, and the most curious part of the whole business was that you broke your left one. Isn't that amusing? Now, that would not have happened if I had done everything just exactly right. Actually I had intended to use the doll



to bring only good to you, but I was just learning at the time; and, as I said before, practice makes perfect and I was out of practice. I am proud to say now that I don't get things balled up like that any more. I know my dolls; I also know my incantations.

"But, as I was saying, it wasn't long before I found out that the dolls could be made out of just about anything, depending on the kind of spell to be cast and the flexibility of materials that would be required. Wax is the best, for it is almost universally pliable and moldable; but you can use wood, metal, paper, grass, or anything that can be put into a shape resembling the person you want it to represent, however remotely. It is the intention that counts.

"Occasionally, spells are cast by accident, and this can be right amusing sometimes. Do you remember that time when you and Don were having dinner at the Club Cabana? He was taking a drink of water, as I remember it, then suddenly he started to choke, and for about fifteen minutes, no one could do anything to help him.

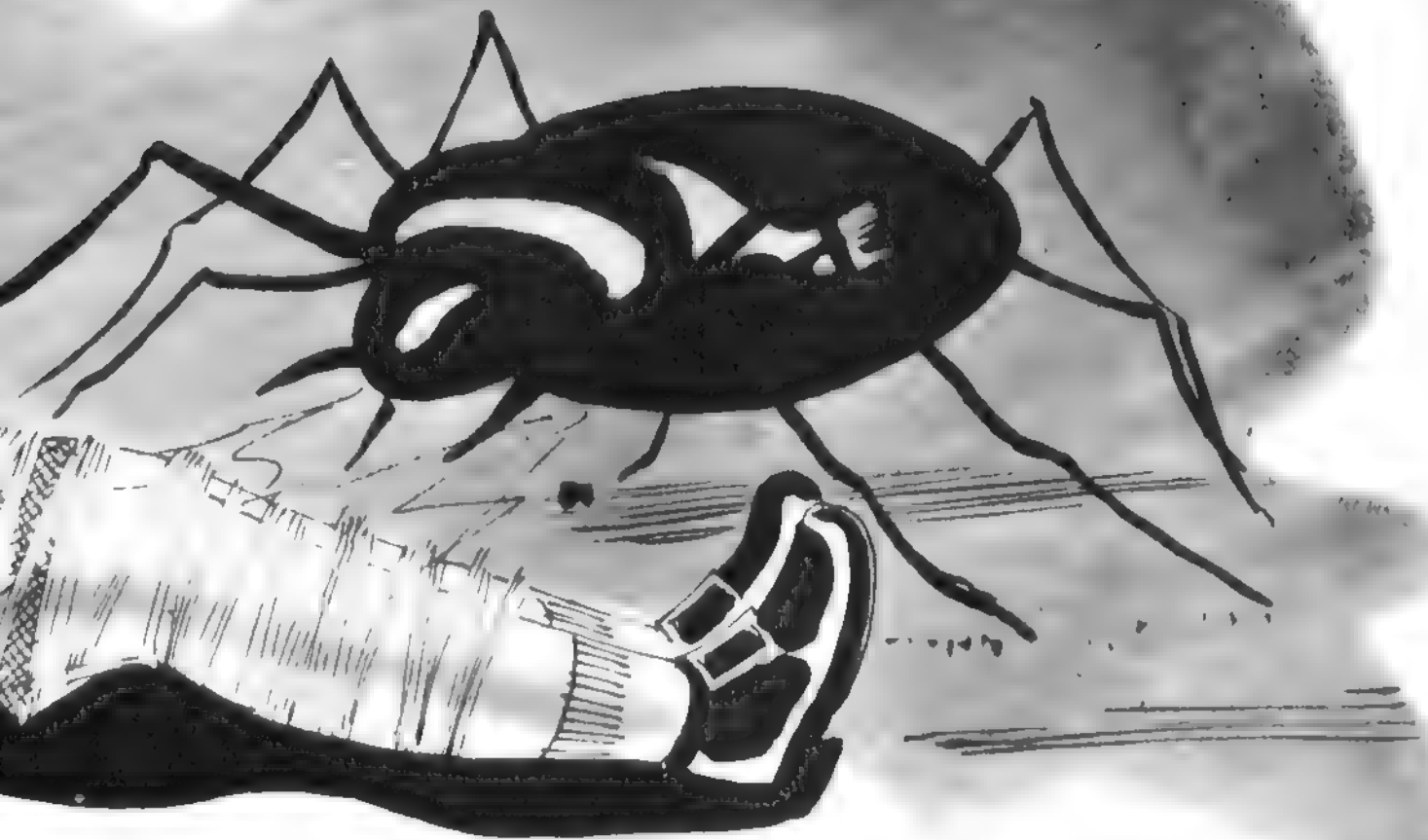
Remember, you told me about it the next morning? The minute you started talking, I knew what had happened.

"Don's Kewpie was sitting on a shelf at the time you were at dinner, and there happened to be a fishbowl right underneath on the next shelf, and whether it was by accident or design, I couldn't say. In returning a book to the shelf, I must have unbalanced the kewpie, and when I had left the room, it fell into the bowl. That was when Don nearly strangled himself to death. About a quarter-hour later, I returned, pulled the kewpie out of the fishbowl and dried it off. So Don got all right. Just think — he might have choked to death if I hadn't come back when I did. You might even say I saved his life in a rather vicarious fashion. I'm glad there were no fish in the water

"WELL, BACK TO Esmeralda. Dear soul, she took to this new kind of work — you might almost say, *hungrily*. At first, I didn't know what kind of chores would be best for her, so I kept her in a glass

jar, where I had placed a twig with green leaves on it. Of course the leaves soon turned brown and dropped off, but Relda was not the least perturbed about it. While waiting for the leaves to go, she had spun a beautiful web for me to look at, and now it was revealed in all its splendor (after I had removed the dead leaves from the jar). You cannot imagine how enthralled I was. Out of gratitude, I began to search more actively for some way in which Relda could achieve her heart's desire of being used in my experiments.

"Do you remember that time when some of the boys in our dorm started cursing the housemother because of the 'goddam bed-bugs' she had let come in? That was accidental, too, I am almost ashamed to admit. Poor woman, she simply didn't know what to do; *she* couldn't find any bed-bugs. All the sheets and blankets and mattresses were absolutely sterile. I can see her now, poor wretch, wringing her hands in despair and almost crying as she faced those stony-faced boys with their accusing looks each morn-



ing.

"On the other hand I could hear the boys cursing in bed at night, and scratching and turning and twisting, and unable to get a bit of sleep because of the 'bed-bugs'. I used to have to bite my mouth together real hard to keep from laughing out loud at them. Of course, they had justification for their complaints, but they were blaming the wrong bug. It was Relda causing all the trouble.

"Are you going to ask me, did I turn her loose in bed with those guys? Oh no! Heaven forbid! Poor little thing, she wouldn't have had a chance. I can just see one of those guys roll over poor sweet little 'Relda' with his big butt and mash her to a pulp.

"Rather, I made little dolls of the boys that didn't like me, which was most of them. (You will remember that not *all* the fellows were bothered with the nightly torment). I made a short, stocky one for Freddy, and a tall, lanky one for Ed. And the same with the others: to each, in proportion to his size and weight I assigned a kewpie of similar, though

much smaller, dimensions. Now these were hastily and crudely made, but they would serve the purpose I knew. As a matter of fact, had they been made differently, the results may have been different. As it was, things worked out quite nicely — at least for the experiment.

"What I did, you see, was to place the kewpies in a glass container with a top to it. I laid them neatly in two rows, then I tried to coax Relda out of her newfound security. She didn't want to come out at first. But when I told her what was in store for that evening, she practically leaped from her web to the end of the stick I was holding. A big, juicy, green horsefly held up for her also helped to change her mind. Bless her teeny-weensy heart. Then she stood on her hind legs and showed me her hourglass which was really glowing with excitement. I got the highest kind of thrill when she did that (which wasn't too often) because not many human beings get to share such intimacies with spiders. Sometimes I would tickle her on the hourglass and her six free legs would dance spasmodically. I used a

ball-point pen for that purpose, and I thought occasionally I could almost hear her laughing. It was a deep, rich, melodious softness, quite different from what the normal or average person would expect to come out of a spider.

"Well, to make a long story short, I put 'Relda in the glass container with the 'boys'. You should have seen her. I have never seen a spider get as excited as did 'Relda. All eight of her legs were reaching out for the dolls, and when I finally let her go, she walked back and forth in apparent glee over them all night long. No wonder those boys suffered so. I know it was cruelty unexcusable, but I still cannot help laughing about it.

"NOW, WHAT I have been describing was not the limit of 'Relda's talents by any means. I'm sure you remember that girl who almost died of suffocation, from being wrapped so tightly in her bedclothes? That, too, was 'Relda's doing. As a matter of fact, I disclaim any responsibility for that event. In reality, I rather admired the girl even though she

would have nothing to do with me (I never could understand why), and I wouldn't have caused any harm to come to her.

"Of course, one could get me on the technicality that I made the doll of her; and I brought 'Reida into captivity. But these two incidents have no relation whatsoever; this was truly an accident. As it happened, I forgot to replace the cover on 'Reida's jar before I left the room one day, and I left the girl's doll lying on the table next to the jar. You have to believe me; there was no plan in my mind. 'Reida just decided to take matters into her own hands — I mean, legs. All night long she worked at her task, spinning and weaving, and by morning, 'Reida had completely swathed the kewpie doll in her spittle. The web was wrapped closely and tightly around the doll. And that explains the whole thing, doesn't it?

"Except, of course, for one thing: Why? It seems that 'Reida, since coming to participate with me in my experiments, had developed a swell-head and a jealous streak, and she would not tolerate my being friendly with any woman, human or otherwise. You should have seen the fit she threw when I brought the female dog up. And I can tell you, there's nothing like a jealous spider, especially one with a sac of poison inside. I just missed getting a squirt of it several times.

"This, unfortunately, was the beginning of our estrangement. 'Reida wanted me to give up all women — except herself, of course. You may have noted how disturbed and out-of-sorts I was during those weeks.

"The disaster that ended everything was like this: I guess you have probably concluded by now that 'Reida was a very smart Black Widow. Indeed she was, and let me give you this final example. She could tell the difference between a male and a female kewpie doll — provided, of course, that they were in proper attire.

"Only, one time I forgot. There was a girl at school that I was going to give the bed-bug treatment. Oh, she was

fat, prissy, just too, too everything, and I'm sure you know who I mean. In my haste I set 'Reida on the doll without first dressing it. 'Reida became confused and started to go round in circles. She didn't know what to do. Before I knew what was happening, I discovered her crawling up my arm. Now that scared the hell out of me, and I brushed her off quickly, and she fell to the floor, all eight legs wriggling like mad, and the hourglass turning all colors of the rainbow, but mostly red.

"I knew then, with despondency, that it was all over between Esmerelda and me. There was no chance of a patch-up, or a return to our once harmonious relations. I knew that she would be forever stinging for me. Hell, I couldn't blame her. What woman would give a man another chance after being treated like that?

"There I was, looking at 'Reida down on the floor in both physical and emotional torment. It was heart-breaking, but there was only one thing to do, as with a lame horse. I lifted up my big gumboot old shoe and squashed the life out of her. A shudder shook my whole body, and I broke into tears, miserable wretch that I was. I had killed my lovely Esmerelda. I had to turn my eyes away when I lifted my shoe from the place, and I couldn't go by that spot for a week or more. You probably remember how moody and sensitive, how touchy I became.

"NOW I THOUGHT that after the shock of my dastardly deed had worn off, and things had gotten more or less back to normal, that would have been the end of it. But it was not to be so, as I learned in so soul-shocking a manner just today, and it is the reason, in part, that I have written you these pages. Do you think that even spiders have a psychic world of poisonous communication?

You will remember how spic and span I kept myself and my clothes, especially when we were in the field. I had great fear of getting one of those hideous poisonous things on me. Well, here I am now at the edge of a great Lybian desert, and all of a sudden, I begin

to feel things crawling on my skin. I see nothing, and I strip down until I am completely naked, and I still see nothing that could be causing the sensation. At this time, the others in the party are looking at me as if I have suddenly gone crazy. But I had to be sure, you understand.

"Then, suddenly, I see a large-sized Tarantula coming up out of his hole in the desert floor. The oddest thing happens. The creature gazes at me hypnotically with its beady eyes. Here I am naked and exposed to the thing, and I know I ought to run from it, but I don't seem to be able to. It reaches me, crawls up my leg, my back, and goes out onto my right arm. There, it slides its toxic needle deep into my bloodstream at the exact place from which I had knocked Esmerelda years before. Shortly thereafter, the monstrous thing crawled off me and went back to its hole in the sand, leaving me to die.

"Yes, Dear Friend, I am dying, and will be dead hours before you get this, even though it comes borne on the winds. By that time, my body will be food for the desert carrion. But this eventuality cannot keep me from wondering about what happened. It seemed planned, I wonder if there is a spidereal afterlife. Perhaps I shall soon find out.

"At any rate, Dear Friend, that is where I am headed apparently, and I do not relish the idea of going there alone. I want you with me, you and all my other friends of Spider-Stein, and we shall together once more drink and make merry. I have therefore taken the proper steps. Perhaps you have already noticed a slight headache, a slight dizziness, a slight feeling of nausea, a feeling that the room is too warm. That is a sure sign that you are under my spell. Do not worry, because it won't do you any good. All of the symptoms will get more intense as time passes — until the end. Go upstairs to your bed. We shall meet anon, my friend.

I STARTED to laugh. What a crackpot Twisdale was, trying to frighten me with that stuff. Then I noticed that my headache had grown worse, and there was a slight dizzi-



ness. I broke out into a sweat as I realized that what he had said might really be true. I gazed up the stairs to my room — to my death chamber. Somebody or something seemed to be pushing me up, up, faster and faster. I had a vision of Esmerelda lying in wait for me in the darkness.

Spiders anyone?

(Note: The above papers were found in a drawer of James C.'s desk, shortly after his sudden death. Authorities are trying to trace the other members of the so-called Spider-Stein Club.)

THE HEADS OF TERROR

GREED WAS THE DRIVING FORCE BEHIND TOM LEWIS AND BOB RONAN AS THEY ROAMED THE SOUTH SEAS LOOKING FOR EASY MONEY! THEN, WHEN THEY'D FOUND A FORTUNE, THEY WEREN'T GOING TO LET A SILLY SUPERSTITION STAND IN THEIR WAY! BUT THEY WEREN'T LAUGHING AND STARK TERROR FROZE THEM WHEN THEY FOUND THEMSELVES FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE HORROR OF HORRORS...

TOM LEWIS AND BOB RONAN CHARTERED A SMALL SAILING VESSEL AND WERE ABOUT TEN HOURS OUT FROM TAHITI...

LOOKS LIKE A MAN IN THAT DUGOUT!

SWING ABOUT AND PICK HIM UP!

HE IS VERY SICK!

KULA! KULA!

THEY TOOK THE MAN TO THEIR CABIN... IT WAS THEN THEY NOTICED THE MAN'S CLENCHED FIST.

HE'S NOT GOING TO LIVE MUCH LONGER!

WONDER WHAT HE'S HOLDING ONTO SO TIGHTLY!

HERE! GIMME THAT BAG!

NO! NO! NO! DON'T KULA!

A RUBY! THE BIGGEST I EVER SAW!

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?

FROM THE EYE OF THE IDOL KULA! BUT DO NOT GO THERE! I AM CURSED FOR TAKING IT, AND YOU WILL BE, TOO! THE RUBY IS EVIL!

STOP THAT BABBLING AND TELL ME WHERE THE RUBY CAME FROM! TELL ME!

THE STONE IDOL... ON AN ISLAND... BUT BEWARE OF THE DANCING HEADS! THE DANCING HEADS!

SMACK

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE FRIGHTENED VOICE FADED AWAY AND WAS STILLED IN DEATH! A BURIAL AT SEA WAS A SIMPLE MATTER...

THE SMALL SAILING VESSEL FINALLY APPROACHED AN UNCHARTED DOT OF LAND...

WONDER WHAT TRUTH THERE WAS IN HIS STORY?

HE TOLD US WHERE THE ISLAND IS. AND THAT ISLAND MUST HAVE ANOTHER EYE! THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT AND THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADING!

BRING HER IN CLOSER! WE'RE GOING ASHORE!

NO, M'SIEU... WE DO NOT LIKE THIS PLACE! WE'RE STAYING HERE!

WORD OF THE STRANGE CURSE HAD REACHED THE CREW AND NONE WOULD GO ASHORE...

FORGET THE HEADS! JUST THINK OF THE RUBY... LIKE THE ONE IN MY POCKET!

BOB! THOSE HEADS... BOUNCING AROUND... THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

I FEEL AS THOUGH SOMEONE IS WATCHING ME!

THOSE STILL ON YOUR MIND? LET'S GO FIND OUT WHAT THEY ARE RIGHT NOW!

THE TWO MEN PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE GROWTH, COMING CLOSER TO THE STRANGE, DANCING LIGHTS THAT SEEM TO BE POISED... WAITING FOR THEM...

THEN...

I ALMOST WISH WE'D NEVER SEEN THAT RUBY!

STOP GIBBERING LIKE AN IDIOT! WE'LL HAVE THE ANSWER TO THIS THING IN A MINUTE!

L-LOOK!

LOOK!

BUT AS THEY TURNED TO RUN,

THEY'RE ALL AROUND US! WE CAN'T GET AWAY!

I'VE STILL GOT MY GUN! WE'LL SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!

HEADS! THEY'RE ALL HEADS!

I CAN'T STOP THEM... THEY KEEP COMING! THE BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH THEM!

THAT ONE... IT LOOKS LIKE THE MAN WE BURIED AT SEA!

BLAM

BLAM

W-WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT ARE YOU?

I TRIED TO WARN YOU! MEN WHO COME TO THE ISLAND AND STEAL FROM THE IDOL... ALL THESE MEN ARE CURSED! THERE'LL BE NO REST FOR US! WE MUST WANDER LIKE THIS... UNTIL THE EYE IS RETURNED TO THE IDOL! YOU MUST RETURN THE RUBY!

RETURN THAT RUBY? NEVER! I'M GOING TO GET THE OTHER ONE!

DO AS THEY SAY, BOB! THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US!

YOU, TOO WILL BECOME ONE OF THE CURSED!

SLOWLY THE UNEARTHLY CIRCLE MOVED IN MENACINGLY! HOURS PASSED, AND THEN AS DAYLIGHT APPEARED...

THEY'RE VANISHING... FADING AWAY!

IT'S DAYLIGHT! THEY CAN'T HARM US EXCEPT AT NIGHT!

WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HEADS, SOME OF TOM LEWIS' COURAGE RETURNED AND HE AGREED WITH BOB TO GET THE IDOL'S OTHER EYE AND LEAVE THE ISLAND!

THERE IT IS! LOOK AT THAT RUBY! WE'LL BE RICH!

YEAH... WE WILL! LET'S GET IT BACK TO THE SHIP!



LET'S MOVE FAST! I DON'T WANT TO HANG AROUND HERE ANY LONGER THAN I HAVE TO!

RELAX, WILL YA? WE'VE GOT ABOUT TWELVE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT AHEAD OF US! TIME ENOUGH TO GET OUR BOAT OUT TO THE SCHOONER!

BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE BEACH...

IT'S GONE! OUR BOAT'S GONE! HOW WILL WE GET AWAY FROM HERE?

IT MUST'VE FLOATED OUT TO SEA! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO ATTRACT SOMEONE'S ATTENTION!





CAN'T YOU HEAR ME, YOU FOOLS! SEND A BOAT! SEND A BOAT!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, TOM! WE JUST HAVE TO SIT AND WAIT!

THE LENGTHENING SHADOWS BROUGHT PROMISE TERROR, AND TENSION GRADUALLY BECAME TOO MUCH FOR TOM'S FRAYED NERVES...

LET'S RETURN THE RUBIES, BOB! I'M AFRAID OF WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO US IF WE DON'T!

NOTHING'S GOING TO MAKE ME DO THAT! NOTHING!

TOM'S HAND MOVED SWIFTLY...

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

I WANT THOSE RUBIES RIGHT NOW! IF YOU WON'T PUT THEM BACK, I WILL!

THIS IS ALL YOU'LL GET FROM ME!

NOW YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR SHARE! YOU CAN STAY HERE! I'M FINDING A COMFORTABLE SPOT!

NO, BOB! NO... DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!



BOB DISAPPEARED INTO THE JUNGLE, LEAVING TOM TO FACE THE NIGHT AS HE COWERED WITH HIS BACK TO THE SEA... HE SAW AGAIN THE HORROR OF THE NIGHT BEFORE...



BOB! BOB!

TOM RACED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SCREAM AND STUMBLED ON THE STILL FORM HANGING IN THE VINES...

BOB'S DEAD! HIS HEAD IS GONE!!



ALMOST DEVOID OF REASON, TOM RACED AT THE NARROWING CIRCLE AS IF TO BREAK THRU... THEN...

BOB! YOU...

TOM WHIRLED AND RUSHED BACK TO THE LIFELESS FIGURE!

HELP ME... PLEASE HELP ME!

I'VE GOT TO GET THE RUBIES! MUST RETURN THEM!

CLASPING THE RUBIES IN ANGUISHING HANDS, TOM PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, KNOWING THAT THE HORROR WAS CLOSE AT HIS HEELS...

I FOUND IT! I FOUND THE IDOL OF KULA!

I CAN'T LET THEM CATCH UP TO ME! THEY'LL KILL ME AS THEY KILLED BOB!



GET BACK! FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE, GET BACK! I'M GOING
TO RETURN THE RUBIES...
DON'T YOU SEE?



HE STUMBLED BACK THROUGH
THE JUNGLE OUT TO THE BEACH.
THERE ANOTHER SURPRISE
AWAITED HIM...



THE BOAT! IT'S
BACK! MUST'VE
FLOATED IN ON
THE TIDE!



THERE!

WHERE IS
M'SIEU RONAN?
WHY'S HE
NOT WITH
YOU?



MR RONAN
ISN'T COMING
BACK, HENRI!
LET'S GET
AWAY FROM
HERE!

TOM TURNED BACK, HIS HEART
BEATING MADLY, HOPING HIS
ACTION WOULD BE PROTECTION
AGAINST THE VEANGANCE OF
THE HEADS, AND...



TH- THEY'RE
GONE! THE
CURSE IS
ENDED!

AND SO THE GHOST HEADS
OF KULA WERE AT REST FOR
ALL TIME... OR WERE THEY?



I HEAR THERE ARE
GREAT RUBIES ON THE
ISLAND! MAYBE WE
COME BACK AND FIND
THEM, EH?

MAYBE!

THE
END

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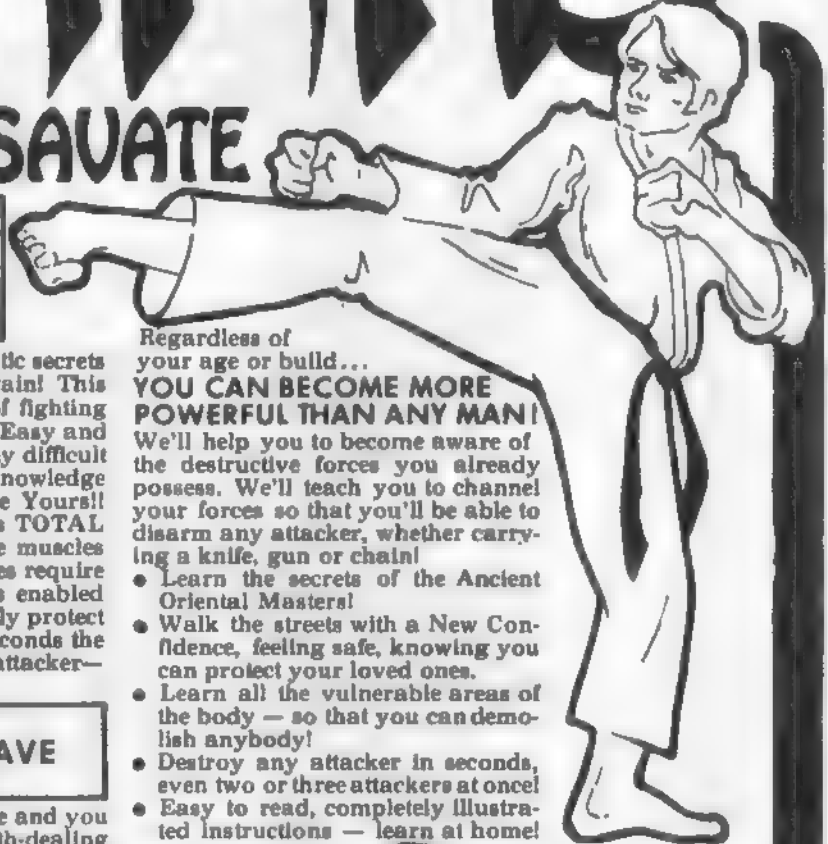
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TORTURE CHAMBER

NO, NO! NO, YOUR
DREAD MAJESTY,
BAALZAAR...
NOT THE PIT!
AAAAEE!

SCREAM ON! I
HAVEN'T HEARD SUCH
CRIES OF TERROR IN
A LONG TIME! INTO
THE PIT WITH HIM,
AT ONCE!

FOR YEARS SIR JOHN DRUMMOND SAT LIKE A FIENDISH VULTURE ON THE BENCH OF OLD BAILEY! HE WAS CALLED MANY NAMES: HANGMAN, SADIST, BLOOD-CRAZED MADMAN... FOR HE SNUFFED OUT LIVES WITH A SATISFIED SMILE! WHAT GAVE HIM THIS TERRIBLE POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH? WE MUST GO BACK TO THE NIGHT OF MAY 16, 1751, TO LEARN OF A STRANGE EVIL ALLIANCE...

BEFORE HIS UNHOLY ALLIANCE, NOBODY THOUGHT MUCH OF JOHN DRUMMOND, LEAST OF ALL HIS EMPLOYER, PHILLIP JOBES!

YOU'RE A HEARTLESS MAN, DRUMMOND! THIS BRIEF IS FULL OF VENOM AND SHOWS NO SYMPATHY FOR THE DEFENDENT, AND NO UNDERSTANDING! THAT'S WHY I'M LETTING YOU GO!

MR. JOBES! I WOULDN'T STAY ON IF YOU DOUBLED MY SALARY!

HA, HAW! WHY, YOU IDIOT, NO ONE IN LONDON WILL HIRE YOU AFTER YOUR DISMISSAL IS KNOWN!

GO AHEAD, LAUGH AT ME, WILL YOU! I'LL SHOW YOU MR. JOBES! I'LL MAKE YOU CHOKE ON YOUR LAUGHTER!

INSANE RAGE SWEEPED THROUGH DRUMMOND, AND BEFORE HE COULD SUPPRESS IT...

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH NOW, MR. JOBES... OR IS IT MY TURN TO LAUGH?

WHY YOU--AAAAH!!!

WHEN JOBES FELL DEAD, TERROR REPLACED THE RAGE IN DRUMMOND'S HEART AS HE HEARD FROM THE WINDOW...

NINE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL!

THE NIGHT WATCH! I'LL BE FOUND AND TAKEN TO PRISON! I'LL BE HANGED!

NOBODY WILL SUSPECT ME! THEY'LL BLAME THIEVES FOR THIS MURDER!

WHA...? WHO ARE YOU? IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

MASTER BAALZAAR, HAS SENT ME FOR A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE! YOU, JOHN DRUMMOND, ANSWER THAT DISCRPTION! COME, OR SHALL THE NIGHT WATCH TAKE YOU?

THE NIGHT WATCH WAS ALREADY IN THE COURTYARD...

THERE WAS A CRY FROM YON LIGHTED OFFICE, MEN! IT IS OUR DUTY TO INVESTIGATE!

NO, NO! THEY MUST NOT FIND ME! I-I'LL GO WITH YOU!

DRUMMOND WALKED AS IN A DAZE, BARELY FEELING THE GROUND UNDERFOOT...

YOU'VE LED ME HERE TO KILL ME! I'VE BEEN TRICKED! I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MY CHANCES WITH THE WATCH!

YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN BEHEADED, COME, WE MUST ENTER HERE!

AS DRUMMOND WATCHED, THE GREAT DOUBLE EDGED AXE
CAME CRASHING DOWN ON THE SOLID MARBLE...

OPEN IN THE NAME
OF BAALZAAR!

CLANG

I AM ONLY A DISCIPLE OF
THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS!
STILL, I CAN GIVE YOU
ANYTHING YOUR EVIL
HEART DESIRES--
WEALTH, POWER,
POSITION!

W-WHAT
IF I
REFUSE?

THEN THIS IS
THE ONLY
CHOICE LEFT
TO YOU!

A TIME WORN SUITCASE BROUGHT THEM
TO THE COURT OF BAALZAAR...

WELCOME TO MY COURT,
JOHN DRUMMOND! COME
CLOSER, I WANT TO SEE
THE MAN I'VE CHOSEN
TO DO MY WORK IN
THE OUTER WORLD!

W-WHY,
IT'S SATAN,
THE
EVIL ONE
HIMSELF!

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT / BUT
TAKE THIS HELLISH SCENE AWAY!
I CAN'T STAND IT!

HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! HO! LISTEN TO THEM
SCREAM! HOW MUSICAL! HOW PRECIOUS!
HA! HA! HA! I KNEW YOU WOULD CHANGE
YOUR MIND, DRUMMOND! NOW LISTEN
TO MY TERMS!

DRUMMOND'S MIND WHIRLED AS HE
HEARD THE BARBAROUS REQUEST!
BUT THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!

I SHALL EXPECT VICTIMS FOR
MY SPORT AND AMUSEMENT,--
CUTTHROATS, MURDERERS,
DESPERATE CRIMINALS ALL!
HA, HA, HA! THOSE MEN SCREAM
THE LOUDEST... DON'T WORRY!
I SHALL SEE THAT YOU ARE
IN A POSITION TO
PROVIDE THEM!

I DARE NOT
REFUSE--OR THE
PIT AWAITS ME!

NOW THE BARGAIN
MUST BE SEALED
WITH MY OWN BRAND!
IT WILL REMIND YOU
WHEN MEMORY FAILS!
HOLD STILL!

NO...!
I-I'LL
NEVER
FORGET!

AS THE FLAMING STEEL
BIT DEED INTO HIS SKIN,
DRUMMOND'S SENSES
REELED WITH AGONIZED
PAIN...

NEVER FORGET!
NEVER! NEVER!
NEVER!



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20. The Hanover Shoe Co. tells how you can make up to \$200 a month in your own spare-time business. Many fringe benefits, plus a chance to earn free shoes for yourself. No investment needed.

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25. Car/puter offers information on how you can save up to \$1,000 buying your new car and buy most cars for \$125 over dealers' cost. The service includes a personalized computer print-out showing a side-by-side listing of actual dealer costs and manufacturers' suggested sticker prices, including each optional item you select for the car.

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6. Fabricon Co. offers a home-study course in invisible reweaving and re-knitting, a skill in demand from clothing stores and cleaners, at which you can earn \$100 a week.

BUILD-IT PLANS AND PROJECTS

2. Suburban Design offers information on its do-it-yourself building plans for yard storage sheds. More than just shelters for tools and equipment, these are miniature barns, carriage sheds and chalets.

3. The Bilco Co. offers a 16-page booklet, "How to Add Valuable Living Space to Your Home," a detailed explanation for homeowners who wish to break through the foundation wall and install a direct outside basement door.

4. National Plan Service offers literature on custom-home plan books, with hundreds of home, recreation and garage designs. Also available is a wide range of home improvement and hobby/craft books.

26. Hallmark Pool Corp. offers a 4-color brochure illustrating its fiberglass swimming pools, which are designed in a variety of shapes and sizes and installed in a week or less.

TOOLS AND GADGETS

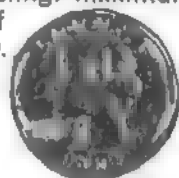
10. Desprock Mfg. Co. offers information on its Hydra-Drill, with which you can find water on your property. The portable rig drills at speeds up to 40 feet per hour for as little as 2 cents per foot.

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27. American Products leaflet describes the new Airless Rotary Action Paint Gun, which makes painting anything fast and easy. Other uses include floor waxing and disinfecting rooms.

CAREERS

5. Business Surveys Co. will send a pamphlet, "How to Choose Your Best Career Opportunity." The company's I.B.M.-Kudor evaluation test helps applicants to make the proper career move.

13. Wheeler-Dealer Association offers "Jackpot Angles," a book that details a number of foxy, sudden-wealth strategies. The offer also includes "Honest Conmanship" (how to sell nothing for something—and get away with it) and "M.I.H. —The Promoter's Secret Weapon."

14. Liberty Company has the story of a failure who became a big-shot success overnight. The instructions in "The Power" will explain how you can go about developing this force for your own benefit.

23. Mail Order Associates will explain how to make money and build a career, selling the right items at the right prices through the mail. Full details without obligation.

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTS

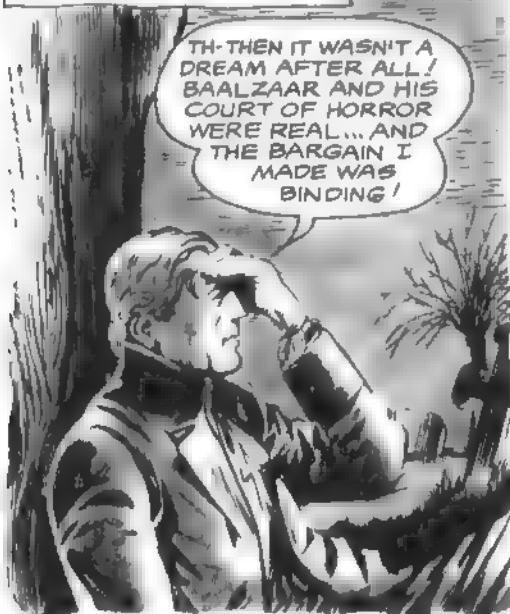
8. The Schober Organ Corp. offers a complete kit of information, including color brochures, price list and music catalog. Description and specifications accompany the kit. The company also manufactures amplifiers, speaker systems and a wide range of accessories.

11. Manna Supply Co. offers information on its "natural-quality" products. They include skin food, papaya tooth powder, bath oils and Birkenstock Footprint Sandals.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

1. Artisan Crafts offers brochure on its quarterly art/craft magazine edited for readers interested in this field. Brochure also describes special marketing service, "The Handicrafts Registry," and the new annual directory, "Guide to the Craft World."

BLINDING SUNLIGHT BROUGHT DRUMMOND TO FULL CONSCIOUSNESS...



TH- THEN IT WASN'T A DREAM AFTER ALL! BAALZAAR AND HIS COURT OF HORROR WERE REAL... AND THE BARGAIN I MADE WAS BINDING!

AT THE CEMETERY ENTRANCE A SOLEMN PROCESSION BLOCKED HIS PATH!

SO THERE YOU ARE, MR. DRUMMOND! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL DAY SINCE MR. JOBES' DEATH! WE NEED SOMEONE WHO WAS CLOSE TO HIM WHO COULD HANDLE OUR LEGAL AFFAIRS!

WHY, I-- YES, GLADLY! OF COURSE, GENTLEMEN!



FROM THIS POINT ON, DRUMMOND'S STAR ROSE...

JOBES WOULD TURN IN HIS GRAVE IF HE SAW THIS! BUT IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING...



HIS FAME AS A TRIAL LAWYER REAPED THE HIGHEST HONORS OF STATE...

AND BY THE POWERS INVESTED IN ME AS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, I NAME YOU CHIEF PROSECUTOR FOR THE CROWN!

I WILL DO MY UTMOST TO SECURE THE HIGHEST IDEALS OF JUSTICE!



DRUMMOND'S IDEA OF JUSTICE WAS SWIFT, COLD VENGEANCE FOR THE SLIGHTEST INFRACTION!

YOU KNOW YOU ARE GUILTY! WHY DON'T YOU CONFESS? CONFESS, YOU SWINE, CONFESS!

AAAAH, HE'S DRIVING ME MAD! YES, YES, I CONFESS-- STOP TORTURING ME!

THIS MAN DESERVES NO MORE MERCY THAN A WILD BEAST! WITH HIS DEATH SHALL JUSTICE BE DONE!

LOOK, YOUR HONOR, HOW THIS DEPRAVED CREATURE BEGS FOR HIS LIFE! I SAY, SHOW HIM NO MERCY!



MONTHS LATER...

GOOD HEAVENS!
IT-IT'S BAALZAAR!

YES, MY FRIEND!
SO FAR YOU HAVE
KEPT OUR AGREEMENT
AND THIS MERITS
FURTHER REWARD, THE
HIGHEST IN THE COURT!
BUT LOOK... THE JUDGE
IS ABOUT TO SEND
ME ANOTHER VICTIM!

THE JUDGE INTONED SENTENCE, BUT DRUMMOND WATCHED
ANOTHER VERDICT IN THE MAKING...

I SENTENCE
YOU TO BE
HANGED BY
THE NECK
UNTIL YOU
ARE DEAD!

I SEE WHAT
BAALZAAR MEANS!
JUDGE THAYER
HIMSELF IS
DOOMED!

OOWWW!
MY HEART!
AAARRGGH!

JUDGE THAYER
HAS COLLAPSED!
GET A DOCTOR!

HMMM, NOW THE
JUDGESHIP STANDS
VACANT! CAN THERE
BE ANY DOUBT WHO
SHALL SUCCEED TO
THE POSITION?
HA, HA, HA!

AS SIR JOHN DRUMMOND, HE REIGNED SUPREME ON THE BENCH AT OLD BAILEY, WITHOUT AN
OUNCE OF COMPASSION

AND IT WILL BE
MY PERSONAL
PLEASURE TO SEE
YOUR NECK
STRETCHED
AT NEWGATE!

THE CONVICTED MAN
WAS ONLY A PETTY THIEF!
DRUMMOND'S A BLOOD
THIRSTY FIEND!

SOME WEEKS LATER AT NEWGATE PRISON,
ON THE EXECUTION SITE...

THAT WAS
WELL DONE,
MY LAD...
YOU?? I
THOUGHT...

I PLAY MANY ROLES
TO SERVE MY MASTER!
HE IS AT THE SOUTH
GATE OF THE
CEMETERY AT
THIS MOMENT!

AN HOUR
LATER...

I AM
YOUR SERVANT
AS EVER,
BAALZAAR!

LET US STOP
THESE TIREDSOME
FORMALITIES! WE
MUST GO TO MY
COURT AT ONCE!

A BLOW ON THE GROUND WITH HIS SCEPTRE
UNLOCKED HIS PRIVATE HELL...

YOU ARE
FRIGHTENED?
HA, HA, HA! YOU
SCREAM VERY
WELL INDEED!

ONCE AGAIN, DRUMMOND FACED THE HORRORS OF BAALZAAR'S COURT...

YES, I AM DISPLEASED! LOOK AT THIS LAST KNAVISH CREW YOU SENT ME-- THEY DO NOT EVEN SCREAM! THERE IS NO PLEASURE FOR ME IF THEY DON'T FEEL GUILT! BAAAH, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO--

SUDDENLY DRUMMOND WAS REMINDED OF HIS HELLISH BARGAIN...

OOOOWWW!
THE AWFUL PAIN! TAKE IT AWAY! I PROMISE! I PROMISE!

THIS IS ONLY A SMALL FRACTION OF THE TORTURES YOU WILL FEEL IF YOU FORGET, HA, HA, HA!

OBLIVION FOLLOWED, BUT WHEN DRUMMOND AWOKE...

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE FIEND! I MUST FIND VICTIMS FOR HIM AT ONCE!

BAH, IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE ON THE DOCKET? DRUNKS, THIEVES AND PICKPOCKETS! WHERE ARE THE CUTTHROATS AND HIGH-WAYMEN?

THERE ARE NO CUT-THROATS OR HIGH-WAYMEN OPERATING IN LONDON!

WHEN DRUMMOND LEFT, STAB UPON STAB OF PAIN FOLLOWED...

A FLASH OF INSPIRATION SURGED THROUGH HIS BRAIN!

THIS AREA IS FULL OF DRUNKS AND VAGABONDS! WHAT WOULD BE EASIER THAN TO MURDER AND PLACE THE BLAME ON ONE OF THEM? THAT PASSING CARRIAGE-- THIS IS MY CHANCE!

AGAIN AND AGAIN DRUMMOND'S DEADLY CANE FELL ON THE HELPLESS VICTIMS...

NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU! I MUST KILL YOU, I MUST!

HELP

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER

MONSTER

7 FEET TALL IN AUTHENTIC COLORS.

GLOW in the DARK EYES

\$1.00 ONLY

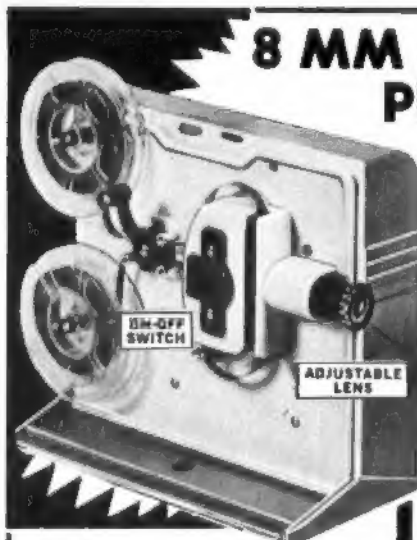
Imagine your friends shock when they see the "MONSTER" reaching out—sinister as the wildest nightmare. Bigger than life—Frankenstein—the man-made monster that terrorized the world, 7 feet tall, with eyes that glow eerily in the dark for a special thrilling chill. So lifelike in authentic colors, that you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers!

There is also his perfect companion—**MONEY THE SKELETON**—stark and scary—just a wonderful pair to set your hair on end.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE Just send \$1.00 plus 35c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. **ORDER TWO AND SAVE.** (The same 35c for postage and handling applies to orders for TWO MONSTERS—a total of 2 for \$2.35.)

Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

HONOR HOUSE
DEPT. 472MR28
LYNDBROOK, N. Y. 11563



8 MM MOTION PICTURE PROJECTOR

COLOR OR BLACK & WHITE

\$7.98

ONLY Complete

FREE

NEW THRILLING SENSATION!

ADDS 3-D STEREO EFFECT

Makes People Look So Full and Real, You'll Feel You Can Reach Out and Touch Them

Just put on the "Miracle Specs" and you achieve a thrilling new experience. You see—not the old flat pictures you've seen for years—but life-like round images so real you "know" you could reach out to touch and feel them. One pair comes with each projector. Additional pairs are \$2.98 each.

FEATURES

- Sturdy construction for long life
- Speed control for fast or slow motion
- Projects color or black and white
- Complete with screen
- Guaranteed

No Need To Miss Out On The Fun Of Private Movies Now at This Low Price

Here is a projector which, though precision-engineered and sturdily built for long use, is so reasonably priced that everyone can now enjoy the thrills of showing home movies or standard 8 mm commercial movies. And it's so easy to operate that even a child can learn to use it quickly. Its double lens system and smooth operation give amazing performance. And—because it so compact, you can take it with you anywhere and show your home movies to friends or relatives. It comes in its own carrying case.

Closes completely for easy portability. No need to unwind electric cord and hunt for an outlet either—because it has no cord. The batteries (available anywhere) stored in the base do all the work—and they're ready at the flip of a switch. This quick-focusing automatic Projector shows 8mm color or black-and-white film. If you wish to stop it at a particular frame, you can do so. Speed control lets you speed up film or slow down the action for enjoyment of every detail. (Batteries not included.)

Try It For 10 Days On Our Money-Back Guarantee! So sure are we that you will be delighted with this versatile Projector, that we invite you to try it for 10 days and then, if you don't agree that it is a wonderful buy, return it to us and we'll refund the purchase price—with no questions asked. Don't Delay—Send Your Order Now!

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS Dept. 472NH28
LYNDBROOK, N. Y. 11563

Rush me the 8mm Portable Projector together with one set of Stereo Specs. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 days for refund of purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$7.98 (please add 75c shipping charges).

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$1 deposit and will pay the postman balance plus postage and C.O.D. handling charges on delivery.

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP

☐ Send me Stereo Specs @ \$2.98 each
N.Y. State Residents Please Add Sales Tax.



COLT
"45"

22 CAL. PELLET FIRING

Only \$1.00

"STINGER AUTOMATIC"

50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.

Looks and feels like a real Colt "45" automatic fully 6 inches long—4 inches high. Fires 22 cal. pellets as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action, combat type target practice. **FREE** supply of targets and 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send \$1.00 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NY City.

HONOR HOUSE Dept. 472AT28 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax

IMPORTED LOCK BLADE STILETTO

- 9" Overall Length
- 5" When Closed
- Opens instantly
- Sharp and Tough
- Stainless Steel Blade

ONLY \$2.75



ALLEY SPORTS MO Div.

Dept. 472ST28

35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N. Y. 11563

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED MONEY BELT

Only \$3.98



This handsome top grain cowhide belt has a large zippered secret compartment. Comes complete with a fine rugged buckle monogrammed with your initials. Available in black or brown. Sizes 28 to 46. Only \$3.98 plus 50c shipping charges. Please specify size, color and initials.

Honor House Dept. 472MC28 Lynbrook, N. Y.

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

X-RAY SPECS

An Hilarious Optical Illusion



ONLY \$1.25

Scientific optical principle really works. Imagine—you put on the "X-Ray" Specs and hold your hand in front of you. You seem to be able to look right through the flesh and see the bones underneath. Look at your friend. Is that really his body you "see" under his clothes? Loads of laughs and fun at parties. Only \$1.25 plus 25c shipping charges. **Money Back Guarantee**

HONOR HOUSE DEPT. 472XC28-LYNBROOK, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax

FEAR NO MAN KUNG FU KARATE

Only \$1.25

JIU JITSU BOXING, SAVATE, JUDO
Muscle Building, Stunts, etc

20 COURSE HOME STUDY PROGRAM

Here is what you get!

The Ancient Oriental Art of KUNG FU

- 20 best KARATE Blows and Chops
- SAVATE French foot fighting
- Nerve Center anatomy chart
- JUDO throws, Jiu Jitsu holds
- Isometric muscle building course
- Endurance Exercises and lots more

FREE Kung Fu Practice and Nerve Center Chart

GUARANTEED 10 Day Trial!

Money Back if you are not amazed at your new mighty power. **ACT NOW \$1.25 plus 35c shipping charge**

Honor House Prod. Corp. Dept. 472KF28

Lynbrook, New York 11563

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"POWER AUTOMATIC"
Pellet Firing Target Pistol

and **SILENCER**

FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only

\$1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. **FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets.** Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send \$1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling.

HONOR HOUSE PROD. Dept. 472PA28.

Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563

Not sold in NYC



NOW WHERE IS THAT DRUNK I SAW LYING ON THE BENCH? I MUST FIND SOMEONE TO SEND TO THE GALLOWES FOR THIS CRIME! THOSE WHISTLES...! WHAT DO THEY MEAN?



BEFORE DRUMMOND COULD TURN AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE FOG...

LOOK AT HIM, GUILTY AS SIN, WITH BLOOD ALL OVER HIS CLOTHES...!

I-I TELL YOU, I'M INNOCENT! I WAS ATTACKED BY THE SAME MAN, TOO!



LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S A MISTAKE, I TELL YOU! A MISTAKE THAT WILL COST YOU YOUR JOB, INSPECTOR!

NO, SIR JOHN, I'LL RISK THAT!



DESPITE ALL HIS ELOQUENT PLEADING, DRUMMOND WAS CONDEMNED...

MERCY, MERCY, I WAS OUT OF MY MIND! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING!

SIR JOHN, I SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD!



THE EXECUTION CAME A WEEK LATER! AS THE TRAP WAS SPRUNG...

LOOK, INSPECTOR, THE ROPE WAS SNAPPED! HE'S FALLING INTO THE TRAP!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! HIS NECK WAS PROBABLY BROKEN ANYHOW!



BUT AS THEY TURNED TO RECOVER THE BODY FROM THE TRAP...

THE TRAP...! BY HEAVEN, IT'S EMPTY! AND LISTEN TO THAT SCREAM!

IT'S PAST ALL BELIEF! I CAN'T FATHOM IT...

BAALZAAR, WAS WILD WITH DELIGHT! HE HAD NEVER HEARD SUCH SCREAMS IN HIS COURT BEFORE...

HOW LONG SHALL DRUMMOND REMAIN IN THE PIT?

SUCH MONSTEROUS SCREAMS! THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF PURE AGONY... HOW LONG? HA, HA, HA! FOREVER! YES, FOREVER!

